Royal Samuel Copeland

LATE A SENATOR
FROM NEW YORK

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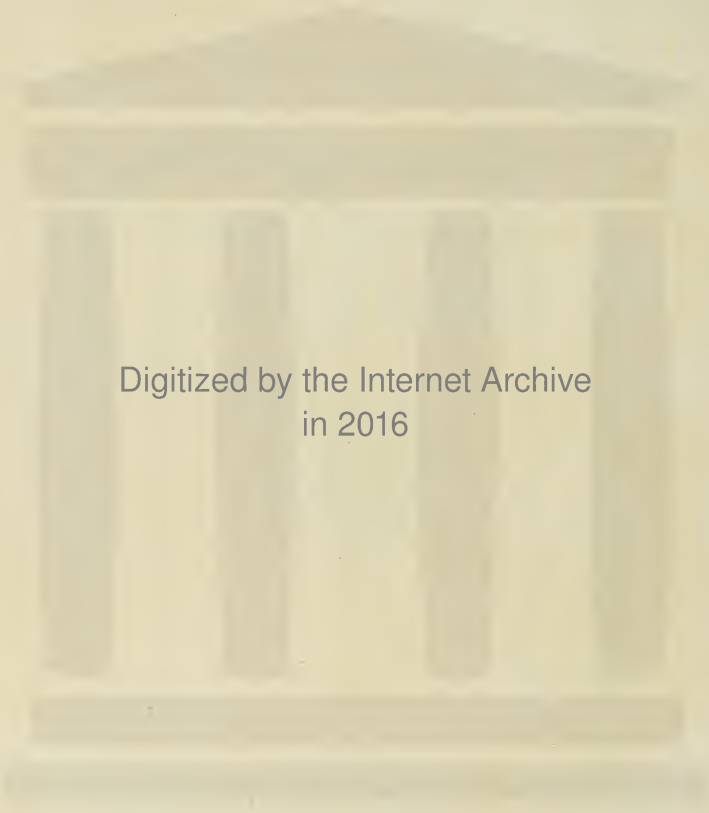
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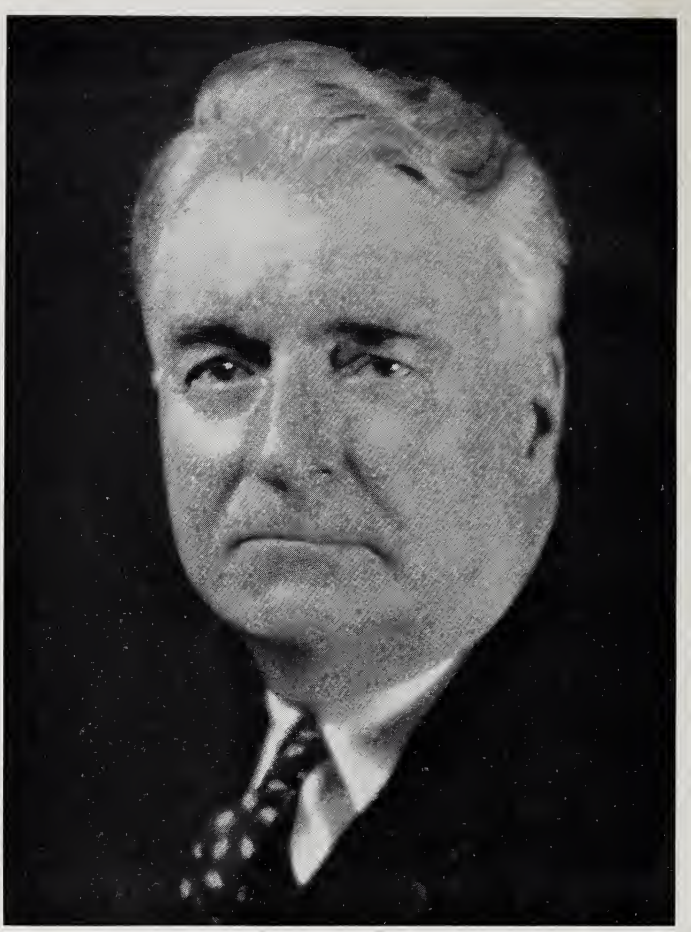

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER
WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Royal Samuel Copeland

LATE A SENATOR
FROM NEW YORK

Seventy-sixth Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1939

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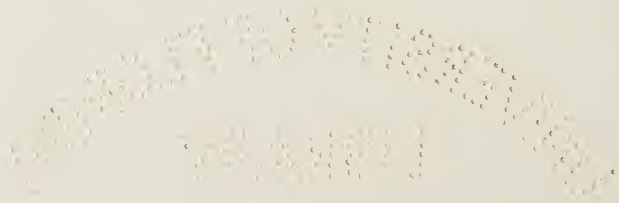

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Biography

Royal Samuel Copeland was born in Dexter, Washtenaw County, Mich., November 7, 1868; attended the public schools and the Michigan State Normal School, Ypsilanti, Mich.; was graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in 1889; took postgraduate courses in Europe; was house surgeon in the University of Michigan Hospital in 1889 and 1890; practiced medicine in Bay City, Mich., 1890–1895; professor in the medical school of the University of Michigan 1895–1908; during his residence in Ann Arbor, Mich., was mayor 1901–3, president of the park board 1905–6, president of the board of education 1907–8, and a member of the Michigan State tuberculosis board of trustees 1900–1908; moved to New York City in 1908; dean of the New York Flower Hospital and Medical College 1908–18; member of the United States pension examining board in 1917; commissioner of public health and president of the New York Board of Health 1918–23; elected as a Democrat to the United States Senate in 1922; reelected in 1928 and 1934, and served from March 4, 1923, until his death; author of several scientific works, and was nationally known for his writings and radio broadcasts on health problems; unsuccessful candidate for nomination as mayor for New York City in 1937; died in Washington, D. C., June 17, 1938; interment in Mahwah Cemetery, Mahwah, N. J.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *May 1, 1939.*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 160:

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 160

Resolved, That on Tuesday, May 30, 1939, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until 10 legislative days thereafter on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-sixth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)—
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer——The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation——The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth (Dudley Buck)——John Carter

Scripture Reading and Prayer——The Chaplain

The Lord Is My Shepherd (Rogers)——The Temple Quartet

Roll of Deceased Members—
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence

Rest In Peace (Schubert)——The Temple Quartet

Address——Hon. Thomas A. Jenkins
Representative from the State of Ohio

A Spirit Flower (Campbell Tipton)——John Carter

Address——Hon. James P. McGranery
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania

The Strife Is O'er (Palestrina)——The Temple Quartet

Taps——Winfred Kemp

Benediction——The Chaplain

Royal Samuel Copeland

Memorial Services

TUESDAY, *May 30, 1939.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. John Carter sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," by Dudley Buck.

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth on Me shall never die.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of

mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world; even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep; They are like grass: In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

* * * * * * *

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am ye may be also.

* * * * * * *

I heard a voice from heaven saying, write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors; for their works do follow them.

Heavenly Father, our Companion of The Lonely Way; O Thou whose star stood above the Judean hills, be very graciously near us and draw aside the veil of grief. Let us not mourn, as those who love and lose in this fading world; let Thy full-orbed spirit be upon our waiting souls like the dawn upon the hills of earth. How firm, how strong, how sovereign is that manhood that lives and breathes through Thee. May that peace prevail among us that might even flow from the robes of angels. Let us hear the evening

hymn that calls us from the language of earth to the language of heaven. O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross and passed beneath the shadow of pain and dying, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Dear Lord, so often our reason wrestles for the daybreak and asks for the way, the truth and light; on the wings of our prayer we come to Thee in our weakness. Keep us all in the shelter of Thy presence until the stream of death we cross—and unto Thee be eternal praise.

If on a quiet sea,
  Toward heaven we calmly sail
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
  We'll own the favoring gale.

Teach us in every state,
  To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
  To live by faith alone.

Through Christ our Saviour.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Rogers.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, Senator from the State of New York: Doctor; lawyer; professor, author; house surgeon, University of Michigan Hospital, 1889–90; practiced medicine 1890–95; professor, medical school, University of Michigan, 1895–1908; Mayor Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1901–03; dean, New York Flower Hospital Medical College, 1908–18; fellow of the American College of Surgeons; commissioner of public health and president of the New York Board of Health 1918–23; elected to the United States Senate 1922, 1928, and again in 1934. Died June 17, 1938.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, Senator from the State of Illinois: Lawyer; author; soldier; member of the Senate, State of Washington; candidate for Governor of Washington 1892; Member of the Fifty-fifth Congress; served as Inspector General during Spanish American War; corporation counsel, City of Chicago, 1905–07; candidate

for Governor of Illinois, 1908; delegate, Safety at Sea Convention at London 1914; designated to incidental service in Europe during the World War, reporting to the President; decorated by foreign countries; elected to the United States Senate 1912, 1930, and 1936. Died April 9, 1939.

CHARLES J. COLDEN, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Educator; businessman; journalist; president of the board of regents of Northwest Missouri Teachers College; president of Los Angeles Harbor Commission; member of Los Angeles City Council; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died April 15, 1938.

ALLARD HENRY GASQUE, Sixth Congressional District of South Carolina: Educator; superintendent of education, Florence County; president State Teachers Association and State County Superintendents Association; member State democratic executive committee; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Chairman, Committee on Pensions at the time of his death June 17, 1938.

ROBERT LOW BACON, First Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; soldier; served in the Field Artillery, United States Army, during World War; instructor of Field Artillery; commanding officer training battalion; brigade adjutant; assistant to Chief of Field Artillery; awarded Distinguished Service Medal; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1920; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died September 12, 1938.

JOHN JOSEPH BOYLAN, Fifteenth Congressional District of New York: Businessman; member New York Assembly 1910–12; State senator 1913–22; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; member of the Committee on Appropriations; chairman of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission. Died October 5, 1938.

STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL, Fifth Congressional District of Maryland: Lawyer; member State legislature 1920–22; member of the Maryland State Senate 1924; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; reelected to the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died December 19, 1938.

WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS, Fourth Congressional District of Arkansas: Lawyer; city attorney, Fort Smith, 1898–1902; prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district of Arkansas 1900–06; Member of the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died January 13, 1939.

JOHN BURRWOOD DALY, Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Lawyer; educator; master of arts and doctor of laws; assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia for 12 years; member faculty of La Salle College; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 12, 1939.

CLARENCE WYLY TURNER, Sixth Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; editor; elected to State senate of Tennessee 1900, 1909, and 1911; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1920 and 1932; mayor and city attorney, Waverly, Tenn.; county judge, Humphreys County, 1920–33; Member of the Sixty-seventh, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 23, 1939.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The Temple Quartette sang "Rest in Peace," by Schubert.

Hon. THOMAS A. JENKINS, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS A. JENKINS

Mr. JENKINS of Ohio. Mr. Speaker and friends, the sorrow that we have for our dead is one sorrow from which the heart refuses to seek surcease. It is the only sorrow that we refuse to forget. Every other wound we seek to heal, but somehow we feel it our duty to keep this wound open. We sometimes cherish our sorrow for our dead so that we may brood over it in solitude. Our sorrow for our dead is measured exactly by our love for them.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

When we first get the sad news that one of our own has gone from us we feel an overwhelming burst of grief, but time, the great healer, slowly and surely calms this into a tender recollection. A gentle tear is then our only outward manifestation. The convulsive agony that first consumed us gradually softens into pensive meditation from which we derive much solace. And among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall the picture of one we loved the most will seem the best of all.

We may laugh with our gay friends, we may meet with them around the festal board, we may listen intently to their songs and chronicles, but there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. We are always keyed to hear the voice which even the tomb cannot stifle.

> There is a scene where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend.

A genuine show of reverence for the dead is a mark of culture in any individual. A nation's standard of civilization is accurately tested by the customs of the people as they show or fail to show proper respect for their dead. Veneration for the tomb and reverence for their dead was characteristic of the strong nations of earliest history. This simple inclination of these unlettered ancients to keep fresh the memories of their dead is unmistakable proof that the natural instincts of man cry out for the eternal companionship of those he loves.

In all generations nations have erected monuments as proof of their love and affection for their honored dead. No nation has surpassed us in this respect. All over our land a thankful people have recorded the virtues of their forefathers in literature, in art, in song, and in enduring bronze and granite. The choicest treasure of an individual who has lived right is his memory of his life's experiences—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The greatest wealth of any

nation is its national memories. When Greece was richest in treasures her greatest treasure was her culture. When Rome ruled the world her richest treasure was that which held her empire together—law and government. The national memories of our country are richer than our mines of gold, our fields of corn, or our cattle on a thousand hills. Our national memories are more ennobling than our great cities filled with the treasures of art and the trophies of war. In these days of wars and rumors of war our national memories which inspire our patriotism are a safer defense for the Republic than our strong efficient armies or our swift, magnificent navies.

So today we are deeply conscious that we have assembled to pay our tribute of love and respect to our deceased colleagues, of whom we could say that they were—

> Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
> In public duty, and in private thinking.

That they were—

> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions and a will;
> Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

We meet from a genuine and generous impulse of our hearts to testify to their worth and to say to their relatives that we mingle our tears with theirs for we, too, love our departed brethren and shall forever cherish their memory. Their greatest and most enduring monuments will be seen in the greatness of the Republic which they served so well. It is a glorious death to die in the service of one's country. It is not important what one gets or what one has as compared to what one gives. These men gave of their time and their talents to their fullest capacity.

> Carve your name high over shifting sand,
> Where the steadfast rocks defy decay—
> All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
> Is what you have given away.

Build your pyramid skyward, and stand,
Gazed at by millions, cultured they say—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

Count your wide conquests of sea and land,
Heap up the gold, and hoard as you may—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

The loss of these, our beloved colleagues, causes a wide gap in our public councils, of which we are deeply sensible. To the States which they represented and to the people of the sections of the country with which they were identified, no tongue of a stranger may venture to attempt words of adequate consolation. But let us heed the voice which comes to us all, both as individuals and as public officials, and in the solemn and signal province of God let us remember that our duty to the Republic next to our duty to God is our greatest obligation. Let us reflect how vain are the personal strifes and partisan contests in which we daily engage, in view of the great account which we soon may be called to render. Our opportunity to serve humanity is great and our responsibility to assume it humbly and discharge it nobly is commensurately great.

Our association with these our distinguished dead was a rare privilege. All of them, no doubt, came from wholesome environment. Their courage and ambition carried them through the public schools, the academies, colleges or universities as their funds would warrant. They boldly breasted the currents of life strengthening themselves by daring to swim against all currents that threatened to carry them into easy or useless activities. One must have a fair measure of courage and have confidence in his own worth and ability, when he asks an intelligent American constituency to elect him as their representative to the greatest legislative body in the world. When once honored with membership in this great body; once having sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic,

theirs was the duty to see to it that constitutional Government should be maintained and that the torch of equal justice should always be kept burning bright so as to lead those in authority to do justly and walk uprightly, to their own honor and to the welfare of the people and to the glory of the Republic. So nobly did they discharge their duties that they left no stain upon the escutcheon of the Republic. Alongside their irreproachable conduct, we lay the full measure of our love, our confidence, and our respect. While we held our departed brethren in the highest esteem as we served with them, our measurement of their stature might be dwarfed somewhat by the nearness of the perspective. Now that they are gone our appraisal could probably be better expressed in these words:

> A prince once said of a king struck down:
> "Taller he seems in death."
> And the word holds good, for now, as then,
> It is after death that we measure men.

The greatest measure of devotion that any man can show for his country is to die for it on the field of battle. I am sure that our departed brethren whom we strive to honor today would approve a reference by me at this time to the fact that this day is our national holiday known as Memorial Day. Today, from shore to shore, in every city, village, and hamlet, and at every countryside the people are gathered in tribute to their beloved dead. Soon after the close of the great conflict that threatened the existence of the Union there was published a poem inspired by the magnanimity of a group of women who strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Union dead as on the graves of their own Confederate dead. This little poem, the Blue and the Gray, with other contributing features, so moved the sympathy of the Nation that Decoration Day or Memorial Day came to be a national holiday. At first Decoration Day was largely a day for paying tribute to those who had died on the field of battle by decorating their graves, but it has now grown to universal

observance. The people, encouraged by the churches, the schools, the civic, fraternal, and patriotic organizations consider this as a day when they can proudly demonstrate their patriotism and when they can reverently show their love and devotion to those who have moved to that mysterious realm we call eternity.

Besides carrying his theme to a beautiful conclusion, the poet who wrote the Blue and the Gray expressed a beautiful and timely prophecy which we hope has been fully and enternally realized in our country. He writes:

> No more shall the war cry sever
> Or the winding river be red;
> They banish our anger forever
> When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Oh, speed the day everywhere when the peoples of the world can rest safely in the assurance that war shall be no more. May God hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy of His prophet, Isaiah, who said:

> And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.

When primitive man advanced far enough to reason and rationalize he wondered whether death ended all. From that time forward one solemn thought has been with mankind always. As the primitive man saw his friends and his own offspring pass away he pondered over it and wondered whether he would ever see them again. When he saw their flesh mix with the insensible clod and their bleached bones blow away with the passing winds, he was dismayed. His mind was confused, and he followed his natural instinct and continued to ponder, little thinking that his plight was and would be for ages the common plight of mankind. Long before Revelation strengthened our faith and Resurrection assured our hope the people of the world were reverently and worshipfully seeking what they thought was the source of good, knowing that if there was a supreme being it must

be good. With advancing civilization the matter remained insolvable except for the rather indefinite prophecy of a few bold prophets. It was left to Job, the man of trouble and the great philosopher to give cogent expression to his feelings on this subject. He said:

O that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret, until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me.

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer Thee; Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands.

Every rational man has with him always the question: If a man die shall he live again? He is baffled with his inability to prove the immortality of the soul but takes comfort in the thought that nobody has disproved it. Somehow a belief in the immortality of the soul binds the world in a close comradeship.

So through the generations the question has remained inexplicable by the intellect. Many questions are unexplainable by the intellect that are understood and solvable by the sensibilities. The finest activities of the soul spring from the sensibilities rather than from the intellect. When Job spoke, he consulted his feelings.

We need not worry too much about the mystery of death until we understand the miracle of birth. All men come into the world through birth and all are equal then. All men leave this world through death and all are again equal. But at no other time from birth to death are they equal. We of the Christian faith through our belief in Christ and His divinity are irresistibly led to a belief in the authenticity of the greatest event in all history—the resurrection of Christ. If Christ rose from the dead, this eternal question that has worried humanity has been answered. If we believe in Christ, let us hear Him say:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And

if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

To those who are of the house of faith these words are convincing. Encouragement to this view is also given when we recite the long list of the great of all ages who were irresistibly drawn to a belief in immortality. It was David who expressed his faith that he would again meet his son Absolom. The shrewd Socrates included a belief in immortality in his philosophy. The sublime Plato made himself immortal by his writings on the immortality of the soul. In burning eloquence Cicero proclaimed his belief in immortality. The Apostle Paul, who left a greater impression on the world than any other man, the Saviour only excepted, in faith abounding said:

And the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

These and other countless scholars, scientists, and philosophers agree with the irrefutable teaching of the lowly Nazarene.

Robert Ingersoll, the great modern agnostic, when put to the test while speaking at his brother's funeral, said:

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our own wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

Addison makes Cato say as he sat alone just before his suicide, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand and a drawn sword on the table before him:

Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

My friends, change is the most inexorable law of nature. "Change and decay in all around" we see. Only God and His grace are unchanging and unchangeable. Heaven's fair morning has broken for our departed brethren. Earth's vain shadows have fled. "O Thou who changest not," let them abide with Thee.

Mr. John Carter sang "A Spirit Flower," by Campbell Tipton.

Hon. JAMES P. MCGRANERY, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JAMES P. M'GRANERY

Mr. MCGRANERY. Mr. Speaker, more than four centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, Pericles, when asked to speak of the first Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, confessed that he doubted the wisdom of any speech and declared that where men's deeds have been great they should be honored in deed only. Today my mind

is one with the great orator of Athens, as I stand in this Chamber which has echoed with the voices of the men whom we are gathered to commemorate, our colleagues who have been summoned into eternity during the past year.

Posterity will be eager to share our knowledge of their personalities, gained in the happy comradeship of this legislative body. Because they were statesmen, it is the right of future generations calmly to appraise their service here and judicially to award to them their places in history.

We, who knew them and loved them, find our eyes dimmed by emotion on this hallowed occasion as we unite to dedicate this hour to our friends. Nothing that we can say will soften the pain of loss in the hearts of their mothers, their widows, their children who are attending these exercises. Their grief will not lessen; but consolation, like the morning dew, must come with the realization that they have given a member of their family in sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. They must know, too, that the period of separation is a temporary one; for the men who are gone from our midst have reached the place of perpetual light where they are united to God, and where their loved ones will one day be reunited with them.

The legacy which they left us is a precious one—the more precious because the privilege was ours to know in the intimacy of good fellowship men whose integrity of character and social sympathy had enriched the life of a great nation.

In them we found no narrow passion of sectionalism, but rather the firm determination to interpret the historic forces animating American life, and the enlightened will to direct those forces to real fulfillment of the ideals of a democratic society.

With Edmund Burke they had come to understand that the distinction between a statesman and a pretender is that the latter thinks of results and aims for expediency, while the former reasons from principles and acts for immortality. These departed Members, whose memories we shall ever

cherish and revere, were exemplars of American statesmanship, and their active faith was the foundation of their substantial heroism. A vista is opened out to us luminous with their vision, and we who look through it see a world ordered by God, a universe serene with his spirit of peace.

Today is consecrated to those who have already gone to be with the valiant ones whom men call immortal. Yet we who remain should not be sad—our colleagues would not wish it, for they know, with Francis Thompson, that—

> The fairest things in life are death and birth,
> And of these two the fairer thing is death.
>
> * * * * *
>
> It is the falling star that trails the light,
> It is the breaking wave that trails the might,
> The passing shower that rainbows maniple.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Thus hath He unto death his beauty given:
> And so of all which form inheriteth,
> The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
> For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
> But death hath in itself the germ of birth:
> It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
> The falling rain that bears the greenery.
>
> * * * * *
>
> For there is nothing lives but something dies,
> And there is nothing dies but something lives.
> Till skies be fugitives,
> Till time, the hidden root of change, updrives,
> Are birth and death inseparable on earth,
> For they are twain yet one, and death is birth.

If they could return to this Hall of Congress they would smile—

> As only joy made wise
> By sorrow smiles at fear, as if a smile
> Would teach—

Us the serenity of one who has the perspective of eternity, of one who stands and views the centuries from afar unconfused by the sequence of past and future.

We who are here can but—

> Dimly guess what time in mists confounds;
> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of eternity.

As it did for our comrades. They answered it, not with their loins girded for war, but armored with their valiant faith, eager for the peace that passeth understanding.

We, who shared their last days under the dome of this Capitol, had witnessed again and again the manifestation of the faith which was their treasured heritage as Americans—faith in the logic of democracy; faith in their fellowmen, and in the supremacy of the spiritual force; faith in the essentially democratic ideal of the right of men everywhere to determine the conduct of their own affairs; faith in the ideal of the cooperation of peoples, in the same ideal which during almost eight score years welded together the individuals, who had their varied origins in the many hostile countries of the Old World, into an harmonious and united nation in the New World, where there is no place for communism, nazism, or fascism with their false interpretations of anthropology and biology.

It is not fitting that I should here attempt any controversial discussion, but I should lack the courage of those earnest advocates of democracy whom we are gathered to honor if I did not voice the plea that they would make today in this Chamber.

May God grant that the ideal of democratic cooperation which has been realized in this Republic—and of which this legislative body is at once a symbol and a proof—shall in our time join the now discordant peoples of the whole world into a permanent and united congress of nations.

Many years ago that great American, Charles Sumner, said:

> Not that I love country less, but humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens—that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans.

It is natural, too, that we, as Members of the Congress of the United States, should place the tie of humanity above that of nationality, for each Member represents diverse constituents descended from citizens of all the nations, constituents of all creeds and of all races—constituents who live in harmony with each other, and ask of us only that we legislate for the common good. Their protection is indeed in their fraternity, and the legislation enacted in these Halls for them by us, their representatives, is effective, not because of the perishable parchment upon which it is inscribed but because it expresses the will of the American people with its tradition of fair and honorable dealing, founded upon the principles of equality, first enunciated for us in the Declaration of Independence.

As my eminent and now deceased predecessor from the district which I have the privilege to represent, the Honorable James M. Beck, aptly stated:

> The Declaration did not create us a people. We were potentially a great people before it was adopted. Declarations, constitutions, and governments do not create peoples, but peoples create governments and ordain constitutions.

There is today harmony among the varied citizens of these United States because theirs is the spirit of democracy, which safeguards their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The human conscience, to which Jefferson appealed in his great state paper, rises higher than the selfish interests and prejudices of nations and races, and unerringly approves what is right and condemns what is wrong. His words gave unto men a new deed poll to liberty, and neither time nor change has clouded the title for the many who have since claimed their heritage on our shores.

Our national strength has increased in the same ratio as our spirit of solidarity has grown under the wise and fatherly government of the Republic. It has been well said that our whole system of law is in its essence only the enforcement of the reciprocal limitations of individual liberty.

Every man must limit his liberty by his brother's, and his brother must in turn realize that his freedom is not without the restraint that is upon every member of a family. Each law and each custom which constrains human conduct is justified insofar as it is necessary and appropriate for the preservation of the liberty of other men.

The keystone of American liberty has ever been freedom of speech—a happy heritage won by our forefathers by incalculable sacrifice—a sacred inheritance to be preserved only by perpetual vigilance. It must be maintained inviolate by the guardians of democracy whose sacred trust it is to watch it as zealously as the vestal virgins of ancient Rome guarded the fire of the empire.

The Members of the Congress must be militant to maintain liberty in the face of alien and corrupting influences that seek to undermine it within our borders, just as they must be vigilant to defend the integrity of those borders against military aggression from abroad.

This dual admonition has come down to us in the Farewell Address, wherein the Father of our Country reminded us that—

> In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Wisely, he affirmed, that—

> Virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.

As he cautioned us:

> Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?

With practical foresight, he counseled that we were to do these things:

> Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture—

And—

> Remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent greater disbursements to repel it.

The philosophy of Washington, blended with that of Monroe, has been clarified and revivified for the men of today by the President of the United States, as he eloquently declared:

> To show our faith in democracy, we have made the policy of the good neighbor the cornerstone of our foreign relations. No other policy would be consistent with our ideas and our ideals. In the fulfillment of this policy we propose to heed the ancient scriptural admonition not to move our neighbor's landmarks, not to encroach on his metes and bounds.
>
> We desire by every legitimate means to promote freedom in trade and travel and in the exchange of cultural ideas among nations. We seek no territorial expansion, we are not covetous of our neighbor's goods; we shall cooperate in every proposal put forward to limit armaments; we abhor the appeal to physical force except to repulse aggression, but we say to all the world that in the Western Hemisphere—in the three Americas—the institutions of democracy—government with the consent of the governed—must and will be maintained.

With his unfailing clarity of expression, the Chief Executive of our Nation has thus summarized the will of the American people, the determination of every representative who has ever been elected to serve in the Congress of the United States.

As the immediate representatives of the people, Members of the Congress were entrusted by the Federal Constitution with the sole right—yea, the solemn duty—to declare war. It is a happy commentary upon the patriots who served their country in this historic place—who daily devoted their living strength to the tasks of their sacred trust—that, throughout the century and a half that has intervened, there has marched a long and distinguished procession of men who have waged in this Chamber an unceasing battle to substitute for the arbitrament of war and death the reign of law, a valiant campaign to guarantee to the principles of democracy eternal validity.

Our colleagues who we mourn today were members of that militant procession whose fealty was to democracy, the

mother of peace. They had consecrated their manhood to a great cause, and in this place where we are met today they gave their lives as heroically as any soldier—knights who died in a crusade.

They are beyond the need of our prayers as truly as the martyrs who were baptized by blood. By their death there has been born in the hearts of each of us a desire to dedicate ourselves anew to the defense of democracy.

In the words of Cardinal Newman, we, who must carry on, humbly ask our Divine Father:

> May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Strife Is O'er," by Palestrina.

Taps was sounded by Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the Benediction:

Unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and forever.

Now may grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost abide with you and keep you always. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
in the
House of Representatives

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Kennedy

Of New York

Mr. MARTIN J. KENNEDY. Mr. Speaker, as the Seventy-sixth Congress meets today to pay tribute to those former colleagues who have passed on to greater rewards during the past year, it is with deep sorrow that I take this opportunity to pay my own respects to the memory of one of the most able and unselfish men who ever served in the Chamber at the other end of the Capitol. I refer to the late ROYAL S. COPELAND of my own State, who died last June 17, after 20 years as a zealous guardian of public health and as a statesman.

Time dims the pangs of sorrow, of pain, and soothes the bereaved mind and heart. Nearly a year has passed and we of New York—and countless friends throughout the Nation—have come to accept the fact that Senator COPELAND has passed on; that the inevitable red carnation that symbolized his thoughts and his profession is buried near the township of Nyack with his mortal self. Yet he is missed and that fact is the measuring rod by which men are judged.

Doctor of medicine, doctor of laws, master of arts, a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, ROYAL COPELAND devoted his knowledge and skill to the improvement of the body. It is futile to reveal his entire career as a statesman, for above every other thing, he will be remembered as an adviser to the sick, a counselor for the prevention of human ailments.

In time other great personalities may adorn themselves with the familiar red flower that he made famous in the Senate Chamber; they may become great statesmen; but no more determined and devoted health advocate could ever replace the departed Dr. COPELAND.

He first came to national attention as health commissioner of New York City, and he continued his activities in that direction when he first came to the Senate in 1922. As arduous as his duties on the floor and in the committee and in his office, he daily sent health advice to millions of readers throughout the Nation through his daily health chats in the columns of a huge newspaper chain. He found time occasionally to broadcast additional facts to prevent disease and guard the health of his listeners.

All over the country today are persons who owe their life to him, some because of laws to guard foodstuffs, thousands of women because he fostered legislation to protect them against poisonous cosmetics and so-called "patent medicines."

Not only the State of New York, but the entire Nation lost a friend when Senator and Dr. COPELAND died. I think that he would like better to have been called "Doctor" instead of "Senator." That is my opinion and that is how he lives in my memory.

Mr. Speaker, his favorite hymn bears out that assertion. It was C. Austin Miles' In the Garden, a perfect companion piece, so to say, to his other constant companion, that red carnation.

It was with these beautiful words sung by my friend, Gerald E. Griffin, he went to his lasting resting place; God rest his soul:

I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear, The Song of God discloses.
He speaks, and the sound of His voice is so sweet that the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me, within my heart is ringing.
I'd stay in the garden with Him, tho' the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; thru the voice of woe, His voice to me is calling.

Chorus

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am his own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever known.

Remarks by Representative Keogh

Of New York

Mr. KEOGH. Mr. Speaker, I approach the task of paying tribute to the late ROYAL S. COPELAND with humility, for here, truly, was a great man.

Kindly under all circumstances, patient beyond words, sympathetic to all, his stature grew with lengthening years.

His service was the service of one steeped in things American—capable, patriotic, representative.

His life was the life of a benefactor of mankind—ministering to man's ills—physical, social, economic—here was a "doctor" of medicine, public health, statesmanship.

His death was indeed a loss to a great Nation and a great State.

To his family I extend my heartfelt sympathy. To his wife, his constant companion, I confess that no words of mine could begin to bring adequate consolation. Her consolation can only come in the realization that his life was a noble one, his benefactions many, and his memory sacred and hallowed to his countless friends and colleagues.

He has earned eternal happiness. May he have it!

Remarks by Representative Merritt

Of New York

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, once again the Grim Reaper has reached out, and taken from our midst the Honorable ROYAL S. COPELAND, Senator from the State of New York.

In the passing of Senator COPELAND the Congress has lost one of its ablest and most brilliant Members. His life has been one of devotion and service to the people of the State of New York and to the people of this great country of ours.

His scholastic attainments have not only been in the field of politics and government but also in the field of medicine; he leaves behind a most honorable reputation.

It was my honor and good fortune to have known him intimately, and at this time I desire to pay tribute to this fine character who guided me with a fatherly hand and gave me the benefit of his experience in my first campaign as an aspirant to the House of Representatives. I have lost a very dear friend. May he have eternal peace.

Remarks by Representative Dickstein

Of New York

Mr. DICKSTEIN. Mr. Speaker, the sudden and unexpected passing of the senior Senator from New York, which occurred on June 17, 1938, was a blow from which his friends and colleagues will not be able to recover.

He who was always ready to administer to his colleagues when infirmity struck was to succumb himself to the Grim Reaper.

The senior Senator from New York lived not one but literally two full lives during his span of three score and ten. He was a native of Michigan and spent half of his life in that State, having been a practicing physician and later on mayor of Ann Arbor.

The second half of his life belongs to the State of New York. In 1918 Mayor Hylan chose him to be health commissioner for the City of New York, and his record in that office was so conspicuous that he became not only city- and State-wide but a Nation-wide figure. In 1922 the voters of the State of New York elected him to represent them in the Senate of the United States.

Senator COPELAND'S work was so brilliant and his ability so marked that just before his death he was drafted for a nomination as mayor of the city of New York, and who knows but even greater honors might have been in store for him had not death intervened to remove him from this earthly scene?

We mourn his loss as that of a true and devoted servant, a real American, a beautiful personality, a charming friend and companion, and above all a man who had the stamp of greatness upon him.

Remarks by Representative Crowther

Of New York

Mr. CROWTHER. Mr. Speaker, the long and distinguished service rendered to his State and the Nation by Senator COPELAND is ended. His passing cast a shadow of gloom and sorrow over his vast constituency. In his senatorial capacity he rendered yeoman service not only to the 12,000,000 in his own State but in the role of statesman he contributed to the general welfare of the Nation.

On one occasion he said to me:

Dr. CROWTHER, I am afraid we are too much concerned with the material things of life in our legislative activities and lose the human touch.

That remark was indicative of his desire for progressive humanitarian legislation.

Possessed of a charming personality, he endeared himself to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. A man of courage and integrity, he earned the confidence and respect of those who were associated with him during his tremendously busy life. Those of us who knew him best will miss him most.

Remarks by Representative Michener

Of Michigan

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, few men in public life in his day and generation had the broad acquaintance and the personal following of the late Senator COPELAND. There was a reason for this. His friendliness and his courtesy were only equaled by his industry, his ability, his integrity, and his desire to be helpful to his fellow men.

Born in the countryside, he enjoyed the privileges of the average boy, reared in a Christian home and in a genuine American environment. His early ambition was to be a great physician, and in this he succeeded. It seemed that his undertakings were always crowned with success. When he died, he took a man's life with him. He was a great Senator for the State of New York. He was a great American citizen, but he always preferred to be classed as a physician. Undoubtedly, his professional training made him the more valuable in the halls of Congress.

A few miles from the city of Ann Arbor, Mich., is the village of Dexter, and it was here that Senator COPELAND first saw the light of day. In Dexter, the older citizens called him "Roy." The middle-aged citizens called him "Dr. COPELAND." The younger generation knew him best as "Senator COPELAND." In Ann Arbor he was a professor in the medical school of the great University of Michigan. He was mayor of the city of Ann Arbor in 1901. He was a public-spirited civil and religious leader in Michigan. When he sought broader fields of activity, Michigan lost one of its real citizens.

In New York he soon became a distinguished member of the community and it is not strange that he came to the United States Senate. It would be very difficult to convince the people of Dexter that Senator COPELAND had reached the top of his political ladder when the final summons came.

Unlike so many men, born in the countryside and in humble surroundings, Senator COPELAND never forgot the old home town. Here his family resided, and he always returned at least once each year to renew acquaintances, enjoy the village life, and, as he oftimes said, receive additional inspiration to carry on the work in hand. Professional success, business accomplishment, and political preferment did not change the man. In these circumstances, you will realize that while the great city of New York sorrowed at his passing, the village of Dexter and the people who knew him intimately grieved because of the loss of a personal friend.

Mr. Speaker, as the Representative of the Second Congressional District of Michigan in the Congress, permit me to pay my tribute of love and respect to the life, character, and memory of this good man.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

MONDAY, *May 29, 1939.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore (at 2 o'clock p. m.). Under a special order entered heretofore, this hour is set aside for memorial exercises for the late Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND, of New York.

The Chaplain will open the proceedings with prayer.

The Chaplain (Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D.) offered the following prayer:

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in Thy displeasure: and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.

Thou has set our misdeeds before Thee: and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For when Thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are three score years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to four score years;

yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

O teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Remember Thy servants, O Lord, according to the favor which Thou bearest unto Thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowledge and love of Thee, they may go from strength to strength, in the life of perfect service, in Thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

Shapeless and grim
A Shadow dim
O'erhung the ways,
And darkened all my days.
And all who saw,
With bated breath,
Said, "It is Death."

And I in weakness
Slipping towards the night,
In sore affright
Looked up. And lo!—
No spectre grim,
But just a dim
Sweet face,
A sweet high mother-face,
A face like Christ's own mother's face,
Alert with tenderness
And grace.

"Thou are not Death!" I cried;—
For Life's supremest fantasy
Had never thus envisaged Death to me;—

"Thou art not Death, the End!"
In accents winning,
Came the answer,—"Friend,"
There is no Death!
I am the Beginning,
"Not the End!"

And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be upon you and all who are near and dear unto you, both here and yonder, and remain with them and with you forever. Amen.

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk, and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The legislative clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 138), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public service.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. In accordance with parliamentary practice, the resolution will be acted on after the addresses shall have been delivered.

Address by Senator Wagner

Of New York

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. President, the year which has gone by since the death of my late colleague, ROYAL S. COPELAND, has not numbed our sorrow at his passing nor dulled our appreciation of his exemplary merits. In his death the Nation has lost one of its most illustrious citizens, the State of New York has lost a faithful servant, and I feel a personal bereavement in the loss of a close friend.

As we travel down the broad highway of life, there is given to each of us, in varying degree, some opportunity for service to our fellow men. Seldom has such opportunity been so richly bestowed or so fully utilized as in the life of ROYAL S. COPELAND. For to him was given the opportunity to perform high public service not only as a great Member of this body but also as a man of science.

With a life blending so beautifully two such ordinarily divergent professions as medicine and public service, he brought to the practical problems of government the high idealism of the oath of Hippocrates. His public life was characterized by the dispassionate analysis of the scientist and the warm human feeling of a physician. His goal was the cure of both the physical and the economic ills of society.

Born and raised in the Middle West, ROYAL S. COPELAND came to New York in 1908. His record of public service had already begun, for he had served as mayor of Ann Arbor, Mich., and as trustee of the Michigan State Tuberculosis Sanatorium. His assiduous studies of public-health problems and his other distinguished medical service soon attracted favorable attention and led to his appointment as a member of the New York City Ambulance Board and later as city health commissioner. In this important office he quickly demonstrated his unique administrative abilities to put medical science to work for the benefit of all the people. His

many successful health campaigns brought countless benefits in human welfare. One of his campaigns, for example, resulted in doubling the consumption of milk by the people of New York.

In his rapid rise to eminence in public affairs the Nation soon shared with the State of New York in the fruits of his accomplishments. Four years after his appointment as health commissioner ROYAL S. COPELAND had won election to this body and entered upon a long and distinguished career on the stage of national affairs.

This body has never had a more conscientious, courageous, and capable Member. Whatever cause he espoused during his 16 years of service, he sustained with a sincerity of purpose and breadth of knowledge which commanded respect and admiration knowing no partisan bounds. The development of civil aeronautics and of the American merchant fleet were close to his heart, and to these tasks he devoted untold hours of unflagging labor to his dying day.

His profession naturally led him to take a special interest in the improvement of pure food and drug laws. Two days before his death he succeeded in obtaining their enactment after a 5-year fight, thus accomplishing what he himself considered his greatest senatorial victory.

In addition to these strenuous legislative labors, he continued to the end his writings in the daily press. No one can ever know the countless lives eased or saved through this medium. But if the warmth and affection with which he was regarded throughout the length and breadth of the Nation may be taken as a criterion, many an humble citizen acknowledged an indebtedness to Dr. COPELAND for professional counsel, in terms of health and happiness, which can never be repaid.

Because of what he saw through his medical eyes, and because he rightly and generously assumed responsibility for the physical well-being of every Member of this body, my colleague frequently cautioned against the dangers of overwork during the hectic periods of a congressional session. On the sad day following the death of our late leader, the

beloved Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Dr. COPELAND expressed the fervent hope that "out of this disaster may come a warning which will fend off other disasters."

But, ever the devoted public servant, he labored indefatigably in the face of his own warnings, and became a knowing martyr in the public cause. Two days before his death he left his sickbed to participate in nine separate and arduous conferences between Senate and House conferees relating to important and necessary legislation. Beyond a doubt his untimely death was brought on by these exhausting labors for the public weal.

As truly as the slain soldier deserves the homage of the Nation, the unselfish service of ROYAL S. COPELAND has earned him the everlasting gratitude of the American people and a permanent place high on the roll of those who gave to their country "the last full measure of devotion."

Address by Senator Vandenberg

Of Michigan

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mr. President, it is with a sense of keenest personal loss, to say nothing of the loss to the common weal, that I rise to add my humble words to the flowers of affection that are brought this reminiscent afternoon to the Senate of the United States in memory of a great citizen, a great patriot, a great humanitarian, a great statesman, and a great friend.

Senator COPELAND came originally from my home State of Michigan, and he deeply loved the roots of his nativity. It was ever his State, and he was ever its third Senator. Indeed, he is part of our proudest Michigan tradition, even as he sprang from our blood and soil. Here he was born near a little village on the rugged countryside, which became a part of him. Here he labored in his youth and early maturity. Here he commenced the practice of medicine, in which he was to rise to the heights of a profession which ever remained his first love and in which he became the trusted confidant of thousands. Here he began his collegiate activities, at his beloved University of Michigan, which will ever honor him as one of its most distinguished sons. Here he first entered public life. He was the mayor of Ann Arbor when I was on the university campus much more than 30 years ago. From that hour until the moment of his untimely death we were firm friends. I knew him in the intimacies of those close contacts which are reserved by each of us for but a few. I knew him in the sweetness of his home relationships. I knew him later as a great Senator. But I knew him first and always as a man. Nothing finer ever lived. He was as rugged in the loyalties of his character as he was gentle in his consideration for others. He was as kindly as he was brave. He

never deserted the faith that was in him. He lived and died a Christian patriot.

Michigan gave the world a great soul when ROYAL S. COPELAND was born. Michigan loaned him to the State of New York in the flower of his young manhood, and New York gave him to the Nation. You may follow his career from its humble beginnings on a Michigan farmstead to his thrice commissioned senatorship from the largest and richest State in the Union, and every inch of the way you will find a trail of honor, industry, service, friendliness, and achievement. It is needless for me to remind the Senate or the country of the brilliant part he played for many years in the legislative life of the Republic. He displayed an amazing versatility of interest. He completely mastered any subject to which he put his splendid mind. Indeed, the final entries on his Senate record tell this tale more eloquently than words. As the able senior Senator from New York has indicated, in the hard, hot days preceding the last congressional adjournment he was chairman simultaneously of nine different conference committees, representing House and Senate, charged with the responsibility of composing differences in respect to important legislation. It was an inhuman burden to put upon any man. But he who repeatedly warned the rest of us to take care and watch out lest we tax ourselves beyond endurance, he uncomplainingly taxed himself beyond endurance, and 24 hours after the curtain fell upon the Congress it fell upon his mortal career.

A notable patriotic organization in New York proposed for him this epitaph: "He died at work." Indeed he did. But I would add one illuminating phrase: "He died, as he had lived, at work for his fellow men."

I never knew any practical legislative proposal to lack his vigorous support if it sought to serve the welfare of the unfortunate, the lowly, or the underprivileged. He believed in social justice; and he practiced what he preached. I never knew any assault upon what he believed to be the

integrity of constitutional government that did not find him in the flaming armor of a crusading knight for the preservation of our free institutions. More than once I saw him under acid test, but I never knew him to desert a principle when once an issue came to grips with what he believed to be the destiny of constitutional democracy. In such circumstances he was always first to accept the challenge; and, having enlisted in a cause, he never knew the meaning of truce or of surrender.

Others have spoken and will speak this day of the details of his vivid record. I did so on my own account in the opening hours of this session. But none of us can add anything to what he has written for himself in the devoted respect and the long, lingering affections of his fellow countrymen. I can say only that I miss him—deeply miss him—each day that I look for him in vain across yonder aisle, where I now see the red carnation for the last time. He was so virile, so dynamic, that one thought of him as always living on and on. But inevitably the great accounting comes for all of us. Fortunate, indeed, are we if we may approach the judgment seat with so complete and so deserved an assurance of the eternal benediction which must have greeted him with the finality of all rewards:

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Address by Senator George

Of Georgia

Mr. GEORGE. Mr. President, I entered the Senate a short time before Senator COPELAND entered this body. We were desk mates on the back row on this side of the aisle. Later, we were desk mates on an intermediate row. Finally, we both came down to the front row, and he remained my desk mate until the end.

Thinking of him today, I cannot but recall his last utterance in this body. Already the pallor of death was upon his face. He had grown weak with the weary work of a session ending in June. He had been on his feet many times to further or to complete legislation in which he had great interest. On the last day that he occupied a seat in this body, when he rose to make for his last time some observations upon a pending measure, I asked him not to speak. He assured me that he would say only a few words. Some one called me away from my seat, and when I returned ROYAL S. COPELAND was going out of this body forever.

I think of him as a man, because I was thrown with him so intimately from the time he entered this body. He was a man with capacity for great friendship. He had a great capacity for kindliness. He was a man of infinite good humor, and of good feeling, and of good will. He was patient, kindly, and gentle. He had those rare qualities which enabled him to impress all of his fellow men with whom he came in close contact with his complete friendship for them.

He was a great church man. He loved his church. Although he possessed that broad catholicity of spirit with which men are rarely endowed, or blessed, he had not the slightest antipathy or animosity toward any race or any creed. Yet he loved his own church, even as he loved the little town of Dexter, in the great Midwestern State of the

distinguished Senator who has just spoken here, with a personal, passionate kind of love.

He had an intense interest in all civic, educational, and religious matters, as well as in political questions.

Mr. President, thinking back over the days, I found ROYAL S. COPELAND when he came into this body intensely interested in general welfare legislation, in public health. He was interested in everything which had to do with the poor, and the weak, and the helpless. His sympathy for these was true and genuine.

He was interested much in human welfare legislation. That had been the background of his experience as a physician, as a teacher, as the health commissioner of the great city of New York, in the Empire State of the Nation. He drew upon his experience. But I saw him broaden, almost perceptibly broaden, his interest in the whole field of human legislation and human relationships.

As all of our colleagues will recall, he became perhaps the best-versed and best-informed man on maritime law in this body. He had a great passion to rebuild and to fortify and to strengthen our merchant marine.

We all know with what intense industry Senator COPELAND applied himself to everything which came within his care. We all must recall how, for the 5 long years to which the distinguished senior Senator from New York has already referred, he made his fight for the present Pure Food and Drug Acts.

Mr. President, Senator COPELAND'S interest broadened after he entered this body, it constantly broadened. Not only did he leave his impress upon much of the useful legislation which passed this body and the Congress of the United States during the years since he entered upon his public service as Senator, but his own affections broadened. He was a genuine American. He did not pay lip service merely to the American system of government: He understood it; he had an inherited understanding of it which came down from the days

when the Pilgrims landed on our shores. Indeed, he traced his ancestry back through those Pilgrims to the sturdy Irish and English of the old country.

Senator COPELAND appreciated the American system of Government, and with that same kindliness and with that same great industry with which he approached all of his public duties, he never failed to register his deepest conviction upon those measures which have more significance than the passing matters which come before this body.

He had courage, and that is the rarest quality of the public official today, not only in this country, but in the world. He had a courage which could not be stilled or hushed by flattery, by threat, by intimidation.

As his desk mate since the day he entered the Senate I unhesitatingly declare, and in the declaration pay to him the highest compliment which can be paid to any statesman, that none of his colleagues had to await the roll call to know where ROYAL S. COPELAND stood upon any matter of great and first importance.

Mr. President, I well remember a notable fight, now ended, in which many of us in the Senate were arrayed upon the one side and many of our colleagues upon the other, an issue upon which honest and well-informed and conscientious and patriotic men differed, and I well remember the conclusion of the fight. A little group of Senators, personal friends of ROYAL COPELAND, met with him, as we had been accustomed to meet through the long weary months when that issue was before the Senate and the country, and we all knew that that evening the fight was over. As the little group dispersed, Senator COPELAND turned to me and said, "It has been worth this fight. We have had our small part in the saving of this country."

Senator COPELAND was a man of great courage, of high courage, and as I watched his broadening interest in legislation, countless laws and bills, from the beginning of his career to the end, I think I can pay to him no higher com-

pliment than I have already paid him in declaring him not only an industrious and useful Senator, whose name is attached to many worth-while laws, but a man of rare courage, who, without dramatics, nevertheless went steadily on to the end.

Those of us who went with him to his last resting place in the countryside of the great Empire State well remember the good minister, who took for his text that verse from Paul's second letter to Timothy:

> I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

His bereaved friends in this body know that his course is finished, as his friends all over the Nation know and understand. That he fought a good fight all of us here are free to attest. That he kept the faith, faith with the American people, faith with his highest concepts of duty to the American system of government, as a Member of the Congress of the United States, with a seat in the Senate, those of us who knew him well may with great confidence assert.

With that passionate love which he bore for the little town of his birth, and always for the friends and associates of his boyhood, and with that passionate affection in which he held his friends in this body and his friends everywhere, we can say that we loved ROYAL S. COPELAND, and that in his way he was a good and a faithful servant, and that down to the last hour he had the high courage to keep the faith that was within him.

Address by Senator McCarran

Of Nevada

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, one who comes to this body as a total stranger will as time goes on naturally remember those who first took him by the hand. I came as a total stranger from the far West to the city of Washington and, indeed, to this body. I recall the first Member of the Senate who took me by the hand to lead me along right lines when faith and justice and my country's welfare were involved.

> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

And so today one who has pased through only his first term in this body brings back the scent of the roses, the memory of the friendship extended by one who had a clever understanding of the affairs of this most exalted group, that the newcomer might go forward and know what it was all about.

But, Mr. President, as time went on and as acquaintance became closer, I learned more intimately to know the depth of a great character; I learned more intimately to rely upon a truth that was the soul's center, upon a faith that was as broad as the country, upon a patriotism that will return with the reverberations of eternity.

I may—I hope with propriety—recall the lines of a great American who said:

> Christ gave us proof of immortality. Yet it would hardly seem necessary for one to rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end.

Mr. President, with memories of a patriotism such as that handed down to this body and to America by ROYAL S. COPELAND comes added conviction that the grave is not the end. The glory of his country, everlasting and eternal, unending,

as we hope it will be, the glory of American citizenship is, and I hope will always continue to be, associated with the name of ROYAL S. COPELAND.

As the red comes from the flower he so loved, so the red memory of America will enshrine his name, because he gave his strength to a cause that has come down in history and will go down in history.

Realizing his own physical weakness, he warned his fellows—yea, he sent the word of warning to the great leader of his party during that Congress which closed not so long ago—when he said, "There are men here who should have caution." While he was saying that, his one idea of caution was to remain on the floor of the Senate until the Constitution of the United States, as it had been enshrined in the hearts of millions of his countrymen, was safe. He would remain on the floor of the Senate until the land that he loved was secure. He would remain on the floor of the Senate although he warned his fellows of the dangers that surrounded them. He would remain here as he did remain here, as his memory will remain here, as one of those whose names stand behind American institutions and American tradition to give us courage that we in his memory shall carry on.

So I come back to the thought I first expressed:

> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

Address by Senator Davis

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. DAVIS. Mr. President, Senator COPELAND had two well-known personal characteristics—his unruly hair and the inevitable red carnation which he wore in the lapel of his coat. Both of these were tokens of his strong independent nature. Senator COPELAND was a native son of Michigan. He began his public career at the turn of the century as mayor of Ann Arbor. But even before that time he had been active in civic improvement, establishing a splendid reputation for fair play and a keen understanding of human nature.

In 1918 Mayor John F. Hylan appointed Dr. COPELAND health commissioner of New York City, a position which he retained until he was elected to the United States Senate in 1922. He was reelected in 1928 and again in 1934. He maintained an independent position in the Senate throughout, and cooperated with the various administrations insofar as his own personal convictions would permit. He participated in legislative developments covering a wide range of interests, as would be expected from any Senator representing the most populous State in the Union. He was especially active in promoting public-health measures, safety in air and on the sea, relief of white-collared workers, barring the illegal possession of firearms, and the prevention of crime through public-school instruction. At all times he evinced a fraternal interest in the personal health of all his colleagues and repeatedly warned them against neglect of health and overstrain. The last notable instance of this care of his associates was the warning he gave the late Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, while in the heat of debate, just prior to his death. Such was the devotion of Senator COPELAND to duty that he himself was carried away and his days shortened by the indefatigable energy

with which he applied himself to his public work. Never was there a man more intent upon discharging his full duty.

On June 27, 1938, I wrote to Dr. W. A. Pearson, dean of the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital in Philadelphia as follows:

The passing of Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND should be commemorated in some practical way. Here was a statesman, whom I have long been happy to know as a personal friend and one who carried his vocational role as a physician into the Senate of the United States, thus bringing the services of this noble profession to the constant attention of the American people. Probably no other physician in the annals of American history has enjoyed such national distinction as Dr. COPELAND.

November 7 is his birthday, and I think it fitting that the work which Dr. COPELAND has so well begun should be continued through the years. I am, therefore, suggesting that his birthday be accepted in the United States as Health Day. On this day it would seem an occasion would be welcomed by millions of our citizens to express their personal appreciation of their doctors, dentists, and nurses, and indeed to all who have had a part in promoting their health and happiness. Appropriate greetings should keep Uncle Sam's mails busy on that day. Health Day should be observed in our schools and colleges. Moreover this would be an occasion for an annual review of advances made in medical science, together with suitable recognition for those who have achieved extraordinary distinction in the advancement of medical science. In addition, some way may be found whereby scholarships for needy and worthy medical students may be provided. Doubtless with the passing of time new ways to add to the glory and significance of Health Day will be found. I feel confident that the birthday of Dr. COPELAND, if remembered in this way, will prove to be a lasting blessing to the American people.

If this suggestion appeals to you and if you wish to cooperate in bringing it to the attention of the citizens of the Nation, I shall appreciate hearing from you as to the procedure you think best for the practical accomplishment of this purpose.

In reply, Dr. Pearson wrote me expressing his belief that this would be a splendid recognition of Dr. COPELAND'S spirit and service, and sending me a copy of a recent article he had written about Dr. COPELAND that was published in the

Hahnemannian Monthly. I wish to quote brief portions of Dr. Pearson's article:

> It is difficult to depict the life of such an active man with accuracy. His versatile mind and conscientious study enabled him to accumulate an amazing amount of reliable information. * * * His interest in the new food and drug legislation was unbounded and his detailed knowledge included technical chemical details, legislative procedures, interests of reputable manufacturers, and he never wavered from the policy of giving adequate protection to the public.
>
> ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND lived a life filled with hard work of definite constructive value. He helped millions of people with his suggestions on health, medicine, and the fine art of living which were the result of wide experience, ardent study, sympathy for the underdeveloped, and a sincere desire to make the world a better place in which to live.

Dr. COPELAND was actively identified all his life with the principles of political and religious toleration. He was a stalwart defender of good will among all men. He realized the worth of free ideas. The most democratic thing in the world is an idea. To be the cradle of a great thought is the deepest religious experience a man can have. A dominant idea will choose a humble birthplace for itself, often in the mind of some obscure man or some neglected child, and from that idea will grow the force of a mighty movement which will shake the world and rock the thrones of earthly rulers. Before the power of a great idea the forces of present-day dictators must tremble. They will give way before the shining light of truth as the blackness of midnight yields to the approach of the rising sun.

America needs strong men, such as Dr. ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, who put God first in their daily life. America needs strong men—many strong men—not just one or a few. America needs strong men who accept as the ideals of their lives the patterns of individual initiative and divine guidance which led our American sires as pioneers from ocean to ocean. No one has yet found a substitute for their strength of character and the stout hearts which they brought to the

making of America. No sacrifice is too great which will help us conserve our American heritage of courage and faith.

These are the thoughts that come to me when I think of Dr. COPELAND. Words fail me when I try to express how sad we all were in his passing. Dr. COPELAND and I had been scheduled to address a convention of doctors in Philadelphia, and he was unable to attend. His last words to me were, "I cannot go, Jim. I am too tired." So he had to cancel the engagement. As it turned out, I was also compelled to cancel my engagement, because the Senate was in session that day late into the evening.

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Address by Senator Barkley

Of Kentucky

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, though the fitness of the time was not altogether realized when the ceremonies of this day were ordered, it strikes me as being eminently appropriate that on this, the 29th day of May, we should pause in our legislative duties to pay our feeble words of respect and honor to the two distinguished Senators who are being memorialized today, for tomorrow all over America the countless dead will sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers, and the butterfly, ancient emblem of immortality, will flutter over every grave.

I always feel how inadequate are our efforts to pay tribute to our friends, whether they hold high station or whether they walk in the humbler paths of life, where the sun of publicity never shines, for in the hour of grief, when the sable drapery of mourning is drawn in heavy folds around us, silence itself is sometimes more eloquent and impressive than the chaste rhetoric of the scholar, or the flowing declamations of the orator. In the ministrations of affliction the downcast, full, and drooping eye sometimes speaks the sentiments of the heart in language more touching and truthful than the polished utterances of the eulogist, or the glowing phrases, clothed in beautiful imagery of the poet.

Mr. President, on an occasion such as this our minds naturally revert to the more solid and substantial things of life. We all love life, and though it be extended beyond the years of apparent usefulness, we cling to it. All nature loves life. Although knowing not life's value, the infant clings to its mother's neck in the hour of danger, and when the storm approaches the sparrow beats its own life out against the windowpane in its effort to preserve its life. We are reminded of the beautiful poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes,

The Last Leaf, in which he describes how tensely, through the autumn and winter months, the last leaf clings to the tree, and he concludes—

> Let them smile, as I do now,
> At the old forsaken bough
> Where I cling.

What is this thing, Mr. President, about which we are talking today? We are not all endowed equally with intellect, or physical strength, or the power of description, or with financial genius, and those of us who sit in this distinguished body, like those who have gone before us and those who will follow us, are no doubt prone to puff ourselves up a little because of the possession of some temporary power or authority conferred upon us by a confiding constituency. But in the final assessment of the value of men's lives, who shall say that the man who sits in the Senate, or on the judge's bench, or in the Governor's chair, renders greater service to society than the man who, in the middle of the street, digs a ditch in order that a wire or pipe or cable may be laid to bring heat and light and comfort to the people?

"Bob" Ingersoll was one of America's greatest orators. He had the power of imagery and was a master of beautiful description and elegant diction. He described life as "a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities." He spent a large portion of his life seeking to destroy the faith men and women had in a traditional religion. Yet with all his doubt and his agnosticism, when he stood one day by the grave of his brother, he uttered the beautiful sentiment, "In the hour of death, hope sees a star, and listening love hears the rustle of a wing."

Mr. President, I served with Senator COPELAND, and I honored and respected him. We did not always agree on the details of legislation, and that is perfectly natural. This would be a monotonous world if all the 2,000,000,000 men and women in it thought the same thoughts and harbored within

their hearts the same sentiments and the same feelings. It is the friction of intellectual contact that gives life to deliberation and wisdom to final determination.

I recall one particular instance in which the fine heart of Senator COPELAND was displayed, soon after the great flood in the Ohio Valley, which destroyed more than $4,000,000,000 worth of property. I was anxious, in the closing hours of the session of Congress, to obtain some relief for the stricken people, and the legislation proposed was in charge of Senator COPELAND, as chairman of the Committee on Commerce. I recall that late one day he stood here in the Well of the Senate and would not consent to an adjournment, although tired and worn from his labors almost to the extent which characterized the last few hours of his life, until some relief had been granted to the people living in this stricken valley.

Senator COPELAND was a man of strong convictions, of deep allegiances, of high ideals. He was a man of deep religious convictions and had all his life been an active member of the same denomination in which I myself claim membership. In all of his contests, in all of his activities, he was a gentle soul.

I have sometimes felt that the physician, the man who heals and relieves the ailments of the human body, after all, renders the greatest service that can be performed by a human being. Long before he ever attained high office, long before he had any ambition to attain high office, in countless places and in countless ways that never found expression in the public press, Senator COPELAND ministered to those who suffered.

Our memories are rich in these associations. They inspire us to greater effort on our own part. They inspired us to make ourselves worthy of their companionship in the past, but they inspire us to be worthy of their hallowed memory in the years to come.

Mr. President, as I think of these Senators, not as Senators, not as public officers, not as worthy and humble bearers of distinguished honors but as human beings, I am

constrained to read from Holy Writ the beautiful language of the Twenty-third Psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Address by Senator Mead

Of New York

Mr. MEAD. Mr. President, we have but to wander through the Halls of this great building to learn at first-hand in what respect and admiration Dr. COPELAND was held by those who served here during his senatorial career. It is amazing that such an extremely busy man could have had the time to enlist the friendship of so many Capitol employees, even down to those in the most humble capacities. In every nook and cranny of the Capitol are men and women who found him their friend, and who took a real delight in paying him even the smallest service. The universal comment throughout the Capitol usually resolves itself into five words: "He was a great man."

Dr. COPELAND was a beloved man among the great and the small because he was intensely human, kind, and generous. While he and I served at opposite ends of the Capitol, I had many occasions to feel the strength of his friendship.

Members of the Senate know far better than I can hope to express the scope of his fairness and his kindness. He was a man who stood valiantly by his convictions—one who fought fairly in every debate. They know how indefatigably he labored and how unselfishly he served the causes he thought to be just.

As a devoted husband and father Dr. COPELAND lived an exemplary home life, and found his deepest happiness with his family, surrounded by those he loved, those who so dearly loved him. He gained peace of mind and strength to carry on his many official duties through the companionship and the inspiration of his good wife and family. He thoroughly enjoyed his home, and liked to return to Suffern, in Rockland County, there to be among his intimate friends

and neighbors. In the quiet restfulness of his farm he found a little time to relax, to cast aside his mental burdens, and to bask in the pleasantries that accompany a happy home. He found recreation in his garden, and he especially liked to engage himself in his workshop. He deeply loved the country and the out-of-doors. He sought no happier respite than to spend some time with his family, and to enjoy the beauties of the countryside about his home.

Serving in his stead, I have grown more deeply conscious of the services he rendered to the people of my State. He instinctively liked people. He liked to do things for people. He died working for his people—a martyr to detail and to duty. I find constant reflection of his many little kindly gestures, which certainly could have been inspired only by a heart that was warm and by a spirit that made public service a perpetual pleasure to him.

Dr. COPELAND'S career was studded with one paradox after another, with a wealth of human learning and experience, and with achievements in several fields of high endeavor. He was born on a farm in the State of Michigan; he died as a citizen of New York, the largest city in the world. Educated in medicine, he became an outstanding physician, a noted teacher, a renowned statesman. He began his political life in his native State of Michigan, where he was elected mayor of Ann Arbor. His career came to a close in this Chamber as a Senator from the Nation's Empire State. He was a pillar in his church, a college dean, a park commissioner, a board of education president, a mayor, a health commissioner, and a United States Senator. These varied activities gave him a broad range of training, and accounted for the depth of his fund of knowledge.

His ability, his perseverance, and his natural brilliance are attested to by his rise to fame in the profession of his choosing. He began practicing medicine in 1895 at Bay City, Mich., and by 1918 he had become a national figure in the medical world as he began his creditable record as commissioner of

health of New York City. His political rise to distinction was just as phenomenal and was actuated by the same earnest effort which characterized his devotion to every task to which he applied himself.

Senator COPELAND served powerfully in this body, and it is not for me even to try to record the extent of his legislative genius or the influence which he exerted in the passage of legislation to which he was particularly devoted.

The most important chapter in his legislative record was successfully written when his food and drug bill became law. He seized upon this subject because it was near to him and because he had a consuming ambition to protect by law the health of millions of persons from misbranded, falsely advertised, and at times injurious food and drug products. He labored over each and every section of that humanitarian law. He lent every ounce of his energy and enthusiasm to its passage. He was directly and, in most respects, individually responsible for this statute which today serves humanity so beneficially. He rightfully considered this his greatest legislative victory, and without question it was his crowning achievement in the interests of humankind.

He served as chairman of the Committee on Rules, as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and as chairman of several special Senate investigating committees, including the Special Committee to Investigate Crime Throughout the Nation, the Special Committee to Investigate Subversive Influences in the American Merchant Marine, and the Special Committee to Investigate the Causes of the Morro Castle and Mohawk Ship Disasters.

In the merchant marine field Senator COPELAND sponsored numerous laws beneficial to the seamen, and time and again he pleaded their cause before this body. He was the author of the Merchant Marine Act, which set up the present Maritime Commission; he lent powerful influence to aviation legislation, notably the law to set up the Civil Aeronautics Authority; he was a relentless foe of the criminal, and just last

year successfully piloted the so-called firearms bill to enactment; he sponsored the Flood Control Act of national importance; and he endeared himself to the citizens of the District of Columbia by his annual efforts to promote improved civic, educational, health, and park facilities for the Nation's Capital.

I have touched but lightly upon his legislative accomplishments; but to the laborer, the farmer, the seaman, the veteran, and to many other groups he shall forever remain in memory a real and true friend. The advancement of their hopes and aspirations was always uppermost in his mind. He died serving them as a member of nine conference committees in the closing hours of a long and grueling session of Congress. He felt those duties to be obligations he must not shirk. The burdens proved too great for his tired and overtaxed body. His contributions as a lawmaker, like his services in the field of medicine, improved the living standards of the poor—they enriched the Republic he served so well.

Ordinary folk simply call ROYAL S. COPELAND a great man, and I presume no epitaph could express our thoughts more genuinely.

As such he shall always remain in our hearts.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the Senator from New York [Mr. Wagner].

The resolution (S. Res. 138) was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, I move that the Senate adjourn until Wednesday next.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Wednesday, May 31, 1939, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, *January 3, 1939.*

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. President, we were all profoundly shocked when, shortly after the adjournment of the last session of the Congress, we learned of the death of my late colleague, Senator COPELAND. By his death the country lost one of its really great statesmen, and we, his colleagues, in addition to losing an associate of great ability, were bereft of a devoted friend, and his family of a devoted husband and father. I know that opportunity will be afforded me on some later occasion to pay a well-deserved tribute to this truly great and good man.

At this time I submit a resolution, for the consideration of which I ask unanimous consent.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 4) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our late colleague, Senator COPELAND, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, January 4, 1939, at 12 o'clock meridian.

WEDNESDAY, *January 4, 1939.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Calloway, one of its reading clerks, transmitted to the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mr. President, when the Senate ended its session last evening, it adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND, of New York. Last July there was a very beautiful memorial service held at Dexter, Mich., the little home town where Senator COPELAND was born. I was permitted the privilege at that time of delivering a memorial address. As a further mark of respect to our late colleague, whom we all loved and revered, I ask unanimous consent that my address upon that occasion may be printed in the body of the Record.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection? The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

The address is as follows:

It is with mingling sorrow and gratitude that I come today to Dexter to join with you in memorializing your great son, the late senior Senator from New York, who was stricken in the prime of his patriotism and his humanities. Sorrow flows from the loss of a superb citizen and an intimately cherished friend. Gratitude springs from the heritage of a record and an example which spell Christianity and Americanism in their most practical realities. Sorrow lays its wreath upon an honored tomb which marks the long, last home of one whom we can illy spare. Gratitude lights its torch with the fires of his inspiration, which beckon us to the emulation of his virtues and his loyalties. It is good for men and women to meet together in the presence of such a benediction.

ROYAL S. COPELAND was one of the great men of his time. You may test him by many standards and in many fields of action; you will not find him wanting. You may follow him from the humble Michigan farmstead which gave him birth to the proud prestige of his thrice-commissioned Senatorship from the largest and richest State in the Union, and every inch of the way you will find a trail of honor, industry, service friendliness, and achievement. But of

all his sterling characteristics, none ever impressed me more than his tenacious love of his native State of Michigan and his devotion to the village of Dexter, which he ever looked upon as "home, sweet home." He may sleep upon the countryside of his adopted Commonwealth, in whose name he died upon the battle line of public service, but his heart sleeps here in Dexter, where it lived throughout his nearly 70 years of fruitful life.

No stranger can tell you what you meant to him. You know. It is written in the story of this community. It permeates the air you breathe. It is present in his gifts. It is part of your endowment. Never was he so happy and so carefree as when he would cross over to my Senate desk and tell me, as he did repeatedly each year, that he was "leaving for Dexter" in a few hours. Nothing could be more appropriate than that Dexter should gather round his memory this afternoon and for years to come as at a precious shrine. You honor yourselves when you honor him, because no community in America ever had a greater friend or a worthier son.

I hope that I may speak of him as you would speak of him, because that would be his wish. Perhaps I can, in some small degree, because we had a complete and never-tarnished bond of confidence and trust. All things considered, I think he was probably my closest associate throughout the 10 years of my own tenure in the Senate. If I linger on the personal note and speak of myself in these connections, I beg that you forgive me. It is only because I feel his passing as intimately as you. It is only because I thus may indicate that I know whereof I speak when I testify to his character and his achievements.

For 10 years we sat and served together on the great Senate Committee on Commerce, over which he ably presided as chairman since 1933. Although we were theoretically in opposite political parties, I do not recall more than one single occasion when we disagreed in his committee throughout this decade. I saw the indefatigable industry of the man at first hand and I marveled at his capacity for effective work. I saw his relentless loyalty to clean principles of government and to sound political economy, and I always found inspiration in his leadership. I saw his natural friendliness, his good humor, his common touch, all of them an incalculable factor in composing committee differences among his colleagues. I saw him champion his committee's reports in the forum of an always critical Senate and in the difficulties of debate, and I doubt if any of his colleagues can match his performance in the matter of results conclusively obtained.

In the larger fields of action, involving great fundamental principles of government, more than once I saw him under acid test. For

the sake of principle I saw him forced to part company with his own political associates and to disagree with erstwhile friends. But I never knew him to desert a principle when once an issue came to grips with what he believed to be the destiny of constitutional democracy. In such circumstances he was always first to accept the challenge; and, having enlisted in a cause, he never knew the meaning of truce or of surrender. You will search the records of the Senate in vain for any sustained example of greater bravery or of greater willingness to face the bitterness of conflict.

He loved America and the American system. He really believed in the Declaration of Independence and the true Thomas Jefferson. He personified the living spirit of the Constitution of the United States. When the Constitution faced its greatest crisis since the dark days of Civil War, he waited for nothing and for nobody in standing forward to defend the integrity of an independent Supreme Court. He left no doubt as to his position from the first hour when this desperate issue was joined. He fought for the faith of his fathers and with the rugged tenacity of the inherited Pilgrim blood that coursed sturdily through his veins. He fought in the Senate. He fought outside upon the public rostrum. He never faltered. He neither asked for quarter nor gave it. Thanks be to God that he lived long enough to see his cause victorious; and prayer be to God that others like him may be found at the sentry posts of the Republic if and when the spirit of the Constitution again be called to battle for its life.

But that is far from all. I never knew any practical legislative proposal to lack his vigorous support if it sought to serve the welfare of the unfortunate, the lowly, or the underprivileged. He believed in social justice; and he practiced what he preached. True to his professional dedications as a great physician, he was particularly eager to promote the public health. He was unique in his dual qualities as a medical statesman; and this is a better, safer country in which to live as a result. One of the last official acts of his life was to successfully pilot a new Pure Food and Drug Act to the statute books after 5 painful years of effort. Here again it almost seems as though a discerning Providence kept him upon a major task until the task was done, and permitted him to close his eyes upon a monumental, finished work.

His legislative record is so long and so complex—to say nothing of the intimate service always cheerfully rendered to all of his constituents, however humble—that the necessary limitations of these observations cannot hope remotely to encompass them. But as a striking example of the amazing breadth of interest which he developed in the life and livelihood of the Nation, I add this exhibit. He

was the greatest expert in the Senate on maritime law; and he was the greatest exponent of an adequate American merchant marine. He knew the problem of ships and shipping from crow's-nest to keel; and again it is a solemn and significant coincidence, if nothing else, that he should have completed his latest Maritime Act just a comparatively few days before his untimely death.

He was a powerful member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, the vividly important Senate group which passes upon every bill involving the billions of dollars that flow from the Public Treasury. He was specially charged with responsibility for handling the appropriations of the War Department. The American Army knows precisely what I mean—as does the village of Dexter—when I say that it, too, has lost a great and steadfast friend.

I served with him for 2 years on a special Senate committee which investigated law and order problems in the United States pursuant to a resolution of which he was the author; and a new code of effective Federal cooperation in society's war upon the criminal world was the result. At the time of his passing I was again serving with him on another special Senate committee, again pursuant to one of his resolutions to investigate subversive influences which may be undermining America at sea. Eternal vigilance was the watchword of his action, even as it is in the price of liberty.

The broad extent of his interest in public problems was such that scarcely any of them escaped his tremendous capacity for productive study and research. Indeed, the final entries on his Senate record tell this tale more eloquently than words. In the hard, hot days preceding the last congressional adjournment he was chairman simultaneously of seven different conference committees, representing House and Senate, charged with the responsibility of composing differences between the two branches in respect to important legislation.

It was an inhuman burden to put upon any man. But he who repeatedly warned the rest of us to take care and watch out lest we tax ourselves beyond endurance, he uncomplainingly taxed himself beyond endurance and 24 hours after the curtain fell upon the Congress it fell upon his mortal career. A notable patriotic organization in New York proposed for him this epitaph: "He died at work." Indeed, he did! But I would add one illuminating phrase: "He died at work for his fellow men."

These labors for the commonweal, for the uplift and betterment of humankind, were by no means confined to the jurisdiction of his Senate statesmanship. That was but the fitting climax of a keen, constructive, effective interest in public affairs and of a willingness to give richly of himself in this behalf, began back yonder in the

yesterdays when he was a citizen of Michigan. He was mayor of neighboring Ann Arbor at the age of 33, and it was there that I first knew him when I was a college youth. At different times he was president of Ann Arbor's board of education and of its board of park commissioners. He was a force and power in all of his city's civic, educational, and religious life. He was active in the Methodist Episcopal Church and he lived the religion he professed. He was ever the good samaritan along life's highways. He was ever loyal to every interest and to every assignment which he touched in his long colorful career. Thus, for example, he cherished a deep attachment for the University of Michigan. It was his alma mater. Later he served upon its teaching staff. Though other significant academic honors came to him in later life, through degrees conferred upon him upon other campuses, the collegiate affection of his life attached itself forever to the yellow and the blue. The University of Michigan richly shared the resources of his great friendship and his unfailing loyalty. Those two treasured words, friendship and loyalty, will cling to him so long as memory survives.

But all this as yet takes no account of the professional career which preceded and subsequently paralleled his public life. He gave himself to medicine with the fine spirit, the same industry, the same effectiveness, the same humanity which trade-marked every act of his life. He was—and he deserved to be—one of the best and most favorably known physicians in the United States. Indeed, I venture the assertion that his expert hands and his helpful words touched more lives than did those of any of the professional contemporaries of his time. He loved his calling, and he justified its finest ideals. Whether he was Mayor COPELAND or Senator COPELAND, or whatever other of the many honorable titles he won unto himself in his long and varied activities, he was always Dr. COPELAND; and I suspect he loved that title best. Somehow, as I think of him, it seems best to fit his gentleness, his kindly ways, his heartfulness, his human sympathies. He became dean of the New York Homeopathic College and Director of Flower Hospital. He became the tremendously effective health commissioner of metropolitan New York. The "country doctor" scaled the heights of his profession. He went from the bottom to the top. Dr. COPELAND would have merited the blessings of his fellow men if Senator COPELAND had never lived.

Truly, we inadequately portray an amazing man. Not often can the story of one life reveal so many interests and a record of achievement in so many fields. And if we were to lift the curtain on his home and family, the portrait would be no less superb. I dare not invade this sacred hearthstone where his empty chair

marks the most poignant of all sorrows that attend his passing. But it has been my privilege to look behind that curtain and to see the husband and the father at their best. He was never so happy as in the midst of his own kin; and he was never more generous than in serving their pleasures and their needs. To him, "home" was the sweetest word in the lexicon of worth-while things.

I have attempted, in these brief and wholly insufficient words, to paint the highlights of the brilliant story of a great American who made his own irresistible way from the humble farmhouse a few miles from Dexter where he was born on November 7, 1868, to an honored, influential seat among the rulers of the Republic where he died on June 17, 1938. It is an epic in American tradition and opportunity transparently clear proof that here, beneath the Stars and Stripes which he loved and served so well, there is always the beckoning privilege of high service, high adventure, and high achievement for those who have high purpose in their souls. It is the story of constant loyalty to great ideals whether tested in the crucibles of professional medicine or of statesmanship or of the humanities. It is a record of courage to sustain these ideals at any cost whenever the bugles of duty sounded the reveille that called him to their defense. It is a rare contemplation in popular confidence, whether the confidence of sufferers who trusted his healing advice, or the confidence of more than 10,000,000 people in an electorate that sent him three times to the Senate of the United States, or the confidence of his congressional colleagues who, regardless of differing opinions, deeply believed in him. It is a tribute to that indefatigable industry which works through sheer love of service, which masters multiple tasks through the relentless concentrations of a rugged and receptive mind, and which counts no hours too long, no effort too great, to reach a worthy goal. It is the story of reciprocal human attachments whether in this village of his youth, or in the neighboring city of his early manhood, or in the metropolis of his maturity, or in the National Capital of his beloved country which never half-masted its flags more sorrowfully to mark the passing of a dependably devoted patriot.

I conclude reluctantly, my fellow citizens of Michigan and of America. It is my final opportunity, my last privilege, to bring the "red carnation" of my affection to the memorial shrine of a great and precious friend. I cannot even yet, myself, realistically understand that I shall never meet him again, and warm to his hearty handclasp and take strength and inspiration from his sympathetic understanding; never again upon this mortal earth.

He was so virile, so dynamic, that one thought of him as always living on and on. But inevitably the great accounting comes for all of us. Fortunate are we indeed if we may approach the judgment seat with so complete and so deserved an assurance of the eternal benediction which must have greeted him with the finality of all rewards: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter, thou, into the kingdom of heaven."

FRIDAY, *May 19, 1939.*

On motion by Mr. Barkley, and by unanimous consent, it was

Ordered, That on Monday, May 29, 1939, at 2 o'clock p. m., the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting memorial addresses to be delivered on the life, character, and public service of the Honorable ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

TUESDAY, *January 3, 1939.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. SULLIVAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 16) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, a Senator of the United States from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect for the deceased colleague, I move that the House recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 33 minutes p. m.) the House stood in recess until tomorrow, Wednesday, January 4, 1939, at 12 o'clock noon.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1939.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. St. Claire, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, late a Senator from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public service.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn until Wednesday next.

Tributes

Tributes

Address by Senator Gerry

Of Rhode Island

Mr. GERRY. Mr. President, recently I prepared an address which I expected to deliver when the memorial addresses were made in the Senate a few days ago on the life, character, and public service of the late Senator from New York, Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND. However, I was unavoidably detained from the Senate on that occasion, and I now ask unanimous consent to have inserted in the Record the remarks prepared by me as a tribute to the late Senator.

There being no objection, the remarks were ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

Mr. GERRY. Mr. President, I wish to say a few words in tribute to Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND, who, in a life of public service, represented the State of New York for 15 years in the Senate.

Before being elected to that office he had gained distinction as a physician. The human sympathy and the understanding of men necessary to the physician, and the industry and determination of the legislator were so merged as to make him, with his pleasant disposition, a valued friend.

He was by nature human, friendly, and simple, admirably equipped to be a family counselor. He was well able to meet the larger responsibilities that came to him when he was made health commissioner of New York City, and later, when he represented his State in the Senate. He never ceased to be concerned for the health of those about him. Time and again he admonished individual Senators and the Senate collectively against overwork. He, in his

zeal for accomplishment, did not spare himself when his own health was not robust.

In the later years of Senator COPELAND's life several items of legislation in which we were both closely interested brought us together. I learned how painstaking he really was, what patience he brought to a task, and how willing he was to study details. He was a stubborn fighter and persistent in his advocacy, but he knew how and when to compromise on matters which he did not regard as vital to his main objective. The task of a Senator from New York is, by its nature, a heavy one. Senator COPELAND also bore the burden of the chairmanship of one of the most important Senate committees. The weight of his own duties made him no less willing to champion the issues sponsored by his colleagues.

His knowledge of life and his wide experience gave the touch of humanity to what he said. He had, as he told the Senate, seen young men and women marry, he had watched them establish homes, make gradual improvements on the property, build extensions as children came, and plant the trees and shrubs that would help make the home place the center of a family's life. Such things as these were in the background of his thinking on legislation. He realized the importance of the primary things. Knowing and loving a way of life, he fought for what he thought sustained it.

Senator COPELAND was not a lawyer, but when grave constitutional questions confronted the Congress his knowledge of men and his understanding of American institutions gave him what he needed to know.

Where did he learn these fundamentals? The outlines of his career suggest the answer, but they do not tell the full story. We see him as a patriotic citizen, participating in the public life of his country, serving successively as mayor, as president of the board of education and president of the park commissioners of Ann Arbor, Mich., and later in

New York as a member of the city ambulance board and as health commissioner, before being elected to the Senate.

The recital of offices held and responsibilities fulfilled indicates his record as an official and as a citizen. It does not explain the man's deep-seated tolerance, nor the broadness of his vision. It does not explain why Senator COPELAND, an active and prominent adherent of one religious faith, stood fast to defend the rights of others to worship in accordance with the dictates of conscience.

He himself told us more. Addressing the Senate, he was able to review incidents of his career and to declare without fear: "Let no man say I am a convert to tolerance." As he went on there emerged the picture of him as a boy and young man, instructed by his father in respect for the beliefs of others. Then, while a young physician, he observed the attacks being made by an un-American organization on those professing a particular religious belief. It did not matter to him that he was not the object of the attack. He denounced the organization; he sponsored public meetings in opposition to it, for, as he said:

> The political activities of that organization and its acts of oppression, discrimination, and social indecency caused indignation in my soul because of the spirit of tolerance given me by my father.

The attitude of mind that he showed then entered into what he was to do later. He brought the same spirit with him to the Senate. It was apparent in his personal dealings with his fellow Senators; it was a part of his approach to public questions. Born and taught to respect the ideas and opinions of others, his life as an individual and as a public servant was free of hatred and prejudice. It was this spirit that ran throughout the performance of all his work that gave warmth to the friendship we had for him when he walked among us and gave us cause to revere his memory today and always.

Address by Senator Bilbo

Of Mississippi

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, I prepared an address which I expected to deliver when the memorial addresses were made in the Senate a few days ago on the life, character, and public service of the late Senator from New York, Hon. ROYAL S. COPELAND, but on account of lack of time on that occasion did not do so. I therefore now ask unanimous consent to have inserted in the Record the remarks prepared by me as a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Senator from New York.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

Mr. BILBO. Mr. President, the law profession possibly has contributed more men to Government service than any other of the professions. It has fallen to the happy lot of Senator ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, more affectionately known as Dr. COPELAND, to furnish incontrovertible proof that the knowledge of jurisprudence is no more essential for high achievement in the affairs of government than a corresponding knowledge of the science of medicine.

Dr. ROYAL COPELAND was the incarnation of a great physician. It was with the eyes of a man skilled in the treatment of the frailties of the human body that he looked upon the physical and economic ills of society. His analysis of the provisions of any proposed measure for congressional consideration was not from the viewpoint of a practiced and experienced attorney, but from the higher vantage ground of a sympathetic and inquiring physician. He diagnosed rather than analyzed by first seeking the cause of the ailment or maladjustment to be treated and then applied the remedy, which he already knew. His powerful intellect represented

an apothecary shop, shelved with all the scientific curative preparations essential for the control and alleviation of political and social agony. Being a physician to the manner born, he was possessed of a versatility of interests. True to his high calling, devotion to all things of human concern was exemplified in the wide range of his tireless activities—activities that embraced a scope confined to no less limits than the full compass of all of man's privations and sorrows.

No finer or more appropriate trinity of words for the delineation of character can be applied to this great and good man than to speak of him and to think of him as patriot, physician, and philanthropist. Patriot, in the sense that he loved democracy and democratic institutions; physician, in the sense that he pondered profoundly upon the way of man that led not unto death but to an abundant life and a sustained happiness; philanthropist, in the sense that he gave freely of his time, of his talent, and of his great storehouse of scientific knowledge to the service and betterment of humanity.

Senator COPELAND enacted the role also of a great pacificator. It was almost invariably thrust upon him the peculiar prerogative to adjust difficult and sensitive differences, to heal angry wounds, and apply a soothing ointment to old sores. With an amazing facility he brought about the meeting of many minds with respect to important legislation. The major operation was always trusted to his trained hands by virtue not only of his skill in performing the operation but of his willingness to do the job, and the major responsibilities were always shifted to his strong shoulders because there was no other so eminently capable of carrying the weight of the burden to be borne.

To my mind, Senator COPELAND was a man—

Who never turned his back but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep, to wake.

Many years ago Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, while engaged in collecting Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People, for publication in a volume of that title, called upon Dr. COPELAND to ascertain his favorite heartthrob in relation to poems. The great physician immediately recited these lines:

What are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Duty and Love and a Broad Content,
These are the Isles of the Watery Miles,
That God let down from the Firmament.
Duty and Love and a baby's smile,
Ah, these, O friends, are the Fortunate Isles.

After repeating this poem as his favorite heartthrob, he said:

I memorized those words and carried the newspaper clipping in my pocket until it was worn out, but failed to learn the name of the author. If you can tell me, I will appreciate it very much.

Upon being informed that Joaquin Miller was the author, he expressed his appreciation of the information, and after again quoting the six lines of his favorite poem, he said:

It reflects the sentiment of a lover of children and discloses a new "somewhere" in the widening vision of humans—the broad planes and spheres of duty, the heights and depths of love, all of which is enhaloed in the great objective of one of life's sweetest dreams—a baby's smile.

In this favorite heartthrob of the great physician there is afforded appropriate conclusion to this brief and affectionate tribute to his memory.

Remarks by Senator Walsh

Of Massachusetts

Mr. WALSH. Mr. President, many touching and eloquent tributes have been paid in the Senate and elsewhere to the late Senator COPELAND. Unfortunately, I myself did not have the time or opportunity to pay tribute to him during the time the Senate was holding memorial services. Of all the tributes I have read, none has impressed me more or seems to portray more effectively and beautifully my conceptions of the character of Senator COPELAND than one written by Ernest Risley Eaton, of 53 West Eighty-third Street, New York City, and published in the American Institute of Homeopathy. I ask that this exceptionally fine tribute to Senator COPELAND be printed in the Record.

There being no objection, the tribute was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND

Children liked him; boys felt friendly toward him; young men admired him; working people hung upon his word; many people grown old in years found comfort in what he said to them. He had an alert sympathy and understanding of human problems which drew people to him. In these bewildering and harassing days that have befallen us it does not seem quite right that we shall no longer have the benefit of his honest, kindly counsel and broad insight into our Nation's needs.

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, A. M., M. D., F. A. C. S., achieved the highest distinctions attainable in the medical profession. Eminent specialist in diseases of the eye, dean of the New York Medical College, noted lecturer and author, he was not content to be a physician to the exclusion of all other aims. From the time he was my preceptor in a medical school many years ago I watched him grow in mind and soul under the heavy responsibilities of affairs of state which he so willingly assumed. He was an unusual combination of physician and statesman, and I believe that his commendable career as a statesman can be traced directly to the fact that he was a successful physician.

When COPELAND practiced medicine he looked upon his patients as living human beings. To him the disease exhibited was secondary. Practitioners of medicine recognize the importance of personally meeting the patient and understanding his needs. Textbooks of medicine, published long before the commercialized scientific phase came into vogue, intimate how much can be learned from a study of the patient. This stands out in contradistinction to complicated procedures, many of which have proved to be no better than an armory in which there are a thousand rifles, not one of which can be used to fire a single shot. COPELAND regarded the patient as a person—the patient who is forgotten today—and knew how to meet him when as a stranger he came to him professionally.

COPELAND did not have to read books on how to make friends; instinctively, he made them. His voice, his courtly manners, his obvious sincerity, his open-mindedness, and frankness of manner won him a myriad of friends who never forgot him. He possessed fine bedside manners, and met people easily. They liked him on first glance, and immediately took him into their confidence. Keeping abreast of medical knowledge is not difficult, but for the physician to have real understanding of the patient is a difficult problem. COPELAND understood this important function, and talked about it to his students in the classroom. In his contribution on refraction, he says: "It would be presumptuous to add to the large and growing list of excellent and exhaustive treatises on the subject of refraction * * * it is important for the student to supplement studies by verification on the patient himself." COPELAND was well qualified to thus admonish his colleagues.

When COPELAND became a statesman he chose a career which he thoroughly liked, as he often affirmed, and one in which he knew that he could be useful to others. It is true that on the road to statesmanship he passed through byroads of politics, but for him politics was a means and not an end. I recall an answer he gave me one day to my question as to why he belonged to Tammany. "Eaton," he said, "man is a social being and cannot work without cooperation. Organization is a necessity, and my organization is Tammany. Tammany has many fine qualities deserving of admiration of Democrats and Republicans alike." His conversation on this occasion implied that the party system of this country is a necessity, but must be confined within normal limits.

COPELAND started his political career in Michigan, where he was born in 1868. He was active in civic, educational, and religious affairs of Ann Arbor, of which city he was made mayor in 1901. It was not many years after coming to New York that he found opportunity to increase his capacity for work on behalf of others. This

was largely made possible by the position he held as dean of the New York Medical College and Flower Hospital during the most noteworthy period of this institution. He resigned as dean to become commissioner of health in 1918.

In 1903 COPELAND was elected president of the American Institute of Homeopathy, upon which organization he exercised a far-reaching influence for good. He was elected United States Senator in 1923 after filling with distinction the office of commissioner of health of New York City. He passed to his rest suddenly on June 17, 1938.

People who met COPELAND swore by him, and whether a newspaperman, a farmer in upper New York State, a city dweller, or a suburbanite, they were his friends. He became personally known to them and enlisted their loyalty. He was like Franklin D. Roosevelt in this respect. His was the radio voice of a persuasive personality impelling loyalty. Perhaps for the reason that in many respects he was too much like Roosevelt he was constantly in disagreement with Roosevelt and his political policies. There could not be two Roosevelts or two COPELANDS.

People did not think a truant doctor could be a good statesman, and they smiled as they shook their heads and said so. COPELAND proved that the training and experience of a physician is the best foundation for building a political career, spent in significant service on behalf of others. One naturally led to the other. People always depend on the doctor—the person with the common cold, the young man with pneumonia, the father with high blood pressure, the mother half crazed for fear her child will die—they all crave comfort (fortis, strength), and COPELAND prescribed this in politics. He was depended upon as a statesman, and he did his best to fulfill his obligations even among the most simple folk.

Many men in politics make favorable first impressions which are not always easy to live up to. Most men mean well, but with COPELAND it was more than that. He meant more than what he said at the time and did his utmost to carry out his promises. As time went on he did more because he could do more. His magnificent personality was not a failure. Plimsoll's Mark was never submerged with COPELAND. He knew his own political handicaps, and as he grew older he promised less and was able to accomplish more. He did not make the mistake, as many do, in offering strength of feeling for strength of manhood. He made friends and kept them.

He was highly esteemed by those who knew him and came to him. As he grew older the imperative need for earning money grew less, and this enabled him to devote more of his time to better

things which he had really wanted to do. I can recall very well, just as though it were yesterday, his dignified and cordial friendship with professors and students alike, as dean of the New York Medical College and Flower Hospital. He struggled to make this medical college second to none, drawing students from all parts of the country. He was happy in the thought of this rising school and the men who made its success possible. With ample resources, which the city of New York afforded in money and sick people, his was the only medical school available for students that had an attached hospital for bedside study; he himself was an able lecturer, with decision of thought in opinions he offered at the bedside in surgical clinic and classroom. Even at that time his large practice, writing, hospital work, and executive duties, did not absorb all of his time, and he could be found in his office in the morning, the operating room at noon, and later preoccupied with the duties of college administration. He still found time to write, read, and farm. He paid attention to medical jurisprudence, and as a lecturer he was interesting and popular. He was a friend of the student in every sense of the word.

One of the reasons why this country suffers today is because we have forgotten that the world at large is more indebted to Socrates than to Croesus; to William Cullen than to political plunderers of provinces; to the Great Teacher, rather than to the money changers in the temple. Too little time has been spent in cultivating the ideals and aspirations taught us by all the great teachers. The historian of the future will measure our advancement not by the height of our skyscrapers but by the results teachers have attained in the true education of man; and it is my firm belief that COPELAND, during the period he presided over his medical school, left there a clear imprint of the truth. One student, I well remember, who sought to secure a medical education, was helped even to the extent of being loaned money out of COPELAND'S meager salary.

Among many positions he held was that of health commissioner of New York City under Mayor Hylan, and an interesting story is told as to how COPELAND came to be appointed. The health commissioner had suddenly resigned that day. In the neighborhood of the city hall subway station the mayor met Commissioner Coler of the department of charities, who, in introducing COPELAND, said, "Here is a real commissioner of health for you." The mayor, visibly impressed at once, offered COPELAND the position. COPELAND accepted the appointment, and the three walked over to the office of the mayor where COPELAND was sworn in.

With his many attainments, he had a horror of undue flattery. Many years ago, upon being introduced as speaker of the evening

in rather extravagant terms by the superintendent of a downtown Sunday school, COPELAND said, "You know, I am reminded of the story of the farmer who attended an agricultural show, wearing a large medal upon the lapel of his coat. When asked by a neighbor how he got the medal, he replied, 'My cow won it in the self-same show 1 year ago.'" COPELAND said, "Please don't pin any cow medals on me."

This was natural for one who was accorded love and respect such as few men receive. His common sense could not accept such high-sounding phrases. In speaking to the children and parents he lamented the absence of patriotism and chivalry which give championship and protection to the weak and to enemies mercy. He took for his life text the words—the immortal words of the ancient Hebrew prophet—"Love, mercy, do justly, and walk humbly with thy God."

With his knowledge of the classics, science, and wonders of the microscope and spectroscope, his heart and the Bible blended well together. He knew that because truth was above reason it was not necessarily contrary to reason. He believed the Bible, and he knew it perhaps better than any other book, and he was continually quoting its passages. He did not have to be a physician to know that this is a sick world, and that government for the people and by the people has not yet been able to solve the problems created by itself. He saw America in danger and knew that the man who doubted it was blind.

There is no topic of inquiry more completely baffling to the statesman than the attempts to discover means of preventing crime and punishing criminals. Discussions regarding the right to punish offenders and the disposition of them have filled many books. COPELAND was the first statesman who believed in stopping crime before it begins by educating the children correctly in the first place. This is an old philosophy of truth, but not a philosophy of statesmanship, and it is a long stretch from deportation by ships as discussed in politics 100 years ago to COPELAND'S plan—the most correct code so far advocated by any lawmaker.

COPELAND had vision extending far beyond other statesmen, when in straight and simple fashion he sought to solve, through the children, the problems of crime. His sympathy was big enough to try to save city people in a better way than by redeeming their losses. To teach children is a solution by prevention—not reconstruction but construction; saving folk before, not after the commission of a crime. He tried to give his aid to the solution of a problem he knew well, and he focused on the kiddies as offering ways and means by which it could best be accomplished. In his

kindly sympathetic manner, it was as if he placed his hand on the forehead of a symbolic sick child and said, "We will not let you suffer; we will prevent your pain and suffering, now and forever."

In a letter I received from him on April 8 of this year, he said: "You will be astonished to learn that for 2 or 3 years I have had it in mind to write a book on Education for Character. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Crime, I became imbued with the idea that America's greatest social problem is juvenile delinquency. Of course, if the home and the church can do the right kind of a job we would not have to leave the solution of the problem to the public school. As it is, however, that seems to me to be about the only place to look for relief," and after a personal request, he writes, "What I am seeking is to find an individual church that is helping the kids to stay in the straight and narrow way. What can you tell me?" I completed the study of the problem he asked of me, and the results were mailed the day the announcement was made over the radio that Senator COPELAND had come suddenly to the dusk of his days.

Apparently firm in health, honorable in his dealings, having no petty quarrels with his brethren, not envious of the success of others, uniting courtesy with independence, determined, but not bigoted, he worked hard in the field of endeavor, made large by his own broad interests—a field in which he gave of himself so vigorously that he was stricken down before his time; yet in sight of multitudes of men he still is living in their praise.

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a breath flying by to be lost on endless sea;
Glory of virtue to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay but he aimed not at glory, no lover of glory he:
Give him the glory of going on and still to be."

ERNEST RISLEY EATON,
53 West Eighty-third Street, New York City.

Memorial services held in the main
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